His whole life described an oscillation between prostration and panic attacks accompanied by intense nausea and vomiting - a vicious cycle of schizoid withdrawal leading to trauma, leading to greater withdrawal, etc.... When most distressed, on the least provocation he would trash everything - music CDs, DVDs, pictures, books, etc. It was CRYSTALNACHT....

GARBAGE NIGHT....

He considered his milieu very un-therapeutic (to say the least). The dirty normal landlord wanted to evict him and all the other clients, so he could double the rents - despite the fact that he was accommodating one of his relations in the building. The "superintendent" had a couple of relatives of his own, whom he used to provoke the tenants. Of course the "super" was crazy - that didn't stop him from being totally the landlord's creature. Their latest shtick was evicting tenants by moving their spoiled, dope-smoking relatives into their units. Horrible milieu, really unhealthy! If $CAMH's KWAME MACKENZIE didn't have his head up his ass, he'd research THING STREET as a "social cause of schizophrenia."

He let it be known that he was on meds for trauma, stress and anxiety - so far, nothing seemed to be working. Perhaps it was obvious. Nothing worked!

He even told them about his First Christmas Tree, which for years he refused to dismantle (he stole that SCHTICK from Harold Lloyd), his childhood in a backwater border-town, the bedroom his fond parent maintained for him like a shrine....

He presented well...

Not a word of course, about his obsession with everything violent, evil, and NAZI! He only intimated that he withdrew, for all anyone knew like a saint into the wilderness, but really TO SCRAWL SWAZTIKAS ALL DAY IN HIS CELL - like DOCTOR MABUSE....

He was lionized by the very Normals he despised and envied. He attended their soirees, frequented Thing Street art-bars where he plugged his book. He pretended it was about mad things, but it was nothing more or less than a projection of his own self-pity and rage onto the dead. It was his MEIN KAMPF.

He would begin reasonably enough, to discuss his trials. But soon his voice would rise in a shrill whine, as he recalled with indignation how NORMALS had cheated him all his life. Of respectability, and wealth....

He developed an inexhaustible appetite for marching, and BED-PULLS, especially around walled fortifications, and ASYLUMS.

He grew inordinately fond of walls, the older the better. He said they were HIS, because they'd been built by HIS THINGS, whom of course he'd never even met, but nevertheless claimed the right to speak for.

They were his FOLK!

Messers Praetorius and Eel observed the ascent of their Little Corporal at first with apprehension, then with satisfaction as they realized he could be USED.

They forgot about Geli Raubal, and his disgusting ball(s). He was essentially a PATSY, a TOOL, and a distraction, indeed a NUT. While marching his followers around useless walls, wailing about past abuses, they wouldn't notice they were EMPTY! And they'd been abused, but too busy thinking about somebody else's abuses to realize - before it was TOO LATE!

The walls were EMPTY! There wasn't even a HOSPITAL behind them any more. Just some fancy devices to identify and label a thousand varieties of mental hellness, and equally EMPTY promises to CURE IT, but nothing to TAKE CARE of MAD THINGS, let alone Artaud's AUTHENTIC MADMEN, who'd CHOSEN to go nuts, out of a superior sense of HONOR....